

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

VOLUME XXII. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO. APRIL 12, 1865. NUMBER 6

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance;
and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance.
No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

JOB PRINTING
Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One square, three weeks . . . \$2.50
One square, one month . . . \$1.00
One square, six months . . . \$5.00
One square, twelve months . . . \$10.00
One column, one year . . . \$25.00
One do do . . . \$50.00
One do do . . . \$80.00
Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.
All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.
Notices of the appointment of Administrators and Executors, also, Attachment Notices, must be paid in advance.
Twenty-five per cent. additional will be charged on the price of job work if not paid in advance, and on advertising if not paid before taken out.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill, and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places, persons are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing without leaving them undisturbed, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Professional Cards

MORRIS & WAT.
Attorneys & Counsellors
AT LAW,
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.
Office, over Walton's New Store.
April 10, 1865.

JAMES O. AMOS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
Woodsfield, Monroe Co., O.

JACOB T. MORRILL,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Clarion, Monroe, County, O.

J. P. SPRIGGS,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
CALAIS, OHIO.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.
December 16, 1860.

Dr. W. T. Sinclair
Having resumed the Practice of Medicine, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.
Residence one door north of Driggs' Store.
Oct. 31, '60.

DR. J. H. PIERSON
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity. He will always be found ready to accommodate his numerous patrons at the office formerly occupied by J. J. Adams, on Main Street, one door south of Moore's store.
May 16, 1860--17.

MONROE MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
WOODSFIELD, O.
Organized in 1852.
Capital \$100,000 in Per Cent.
Secured by first lien on Real Estate.

LOSSES PROMPTLY ADJUSTED.
Applications for insurance can be made by mail or by personal application at the Secretary's office in Woodsfield.
Office of the Company, above Walton's Store, Main Street, Woodsfield, Ohio.
JNO. S. WATSON, Secretary.
February 4, 1865--2m.

Poetry.

The Stranger on the Hill.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lonely home where I was born:
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn--and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes--oh! painful proof--
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard--the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life has imbibed more shade than sun,
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its burbling brook where the hazels grow,
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing--
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the hill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart.
To youthful sports still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lawning herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall--
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native hill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

PAY AS YOU GO.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

There is not quite as much originality as there is prejudice in the world, else men and women would not so often be led into extravagance and difficulty by the example of others. Too many people are prone to do as their neighbors simply because said neighbors have numerous servants, own a front pew in a fashionable church and ride in a handsome carriage. It is very well that we should imitate our neighbors when they do right; but, unfortunately, we are often inclined to pattern after their coats, or the taking style of their bonnets, than to imitate their social excellence or private virtues.

Many times the passion to look as well as other people is encouraged at the expense of more important matters. Then, as poor Richard says in his almanac, "we pay too dear for the while."

"Turn over a new leaf," is a good proverb for more than one man and one woman in every community. There can be no better time for opening a new page than the opening of a new year.

I know a man who, on New Year's day, (1854), turned over a new leaf, which has proved of great profit to him.

He was a young merchant. His store had been opened but a few months, and, as he was doing a good business, he could afford to be quite liberal in his household. His wife had as pretty a home as any young merchant's in the city, and she had as pretty dresses as any woman on the street where she lived, and she took great delight in the consciousness of the fact that she was pretty and prettily attired; so did her husband.

There was some talk that the wife was a little extravagant, but it did not affect the merchant's business, and the number of her admirers continued to increase.

The pretty little woman had so many pretty things, that it would have been a pity for her to stay at home all the time, and show them only to her husband. She was of a benevolent turn of mind, and, consequently, she desired that other people should take pleasure in them as well as he. So she went frequently to balls and concerts.

The season advanced; winter set in; business became dull and money was scarce, but balls, and parties, and concerts were numerous, and to all the best went the young merchant and his pretty wife. They made fashionable friends, and there were inviting suppers given at their house.

As the New Year drew nigh, Mr. Farley began to realize a pressure in the money market. He would have been glad to reduce his current expenses, but, oh, it would break his wife's heart to deny her, and his credit was good.

The pretty wife sat beside her husband on a pretty sofa, when she looked lovingly into his eyes and said:
"You couldn't guess who was here to-day?"
"Of course he couldn't," so she told him.
"It was Mrs. P. Her folks were all going to the theatre on New Year's night. There's to be such a pretty piece played. I do wish we could go, but I haven't a bonnet that'll fit. Mrs. P. had on a lovely to-day; it became her so much."

The merchant had a letter for his wife

from her paternal home. He had forgotten to speak of it before, but instantly it occurred to him when his wife hinted at a new bonnet. He knew his notes in bank would require all the money he could command for that week.

The wife read the letter hastily; and the perplexity to the husband! it was from a younger sister, and nearly all about fashions and flounces, furberlows and laces, beaux and amusements. A new bonnet was described; the wife read the description, and added a graphic picture of the very pretty bonnet Mrs. P. had worn.

The merchant was compelled to consider the bonnet question, and he told his wife he thought he might arrange his affairs so he and she could go with Mrs. P. and her folks to the theatre.

Christmas came, and it cost Mr. Farley a fair round sum. He was in a fever to retrench, but how could he without letting his wife know that his affairs were much embarrassed; and surely some of his friends would assist him if he should not be able, out of his own resources, to meet his pecuniary engagements. He must make his wife some kind of a New Year's present, and it might as well be a new bonnet, to exhibit first on that eventful day, and then worn to Mrs. P.'s in the evening, to be left for inspection, while the ladies went, with veils on their heads, to see the pretty New Year piece which was to be played at the theatre. Of this the pretty wife was duly advised, and her generous heart swelled with gratitude--not pride. Her husband was the kindest, best man in the world.

On the last day of December a heavy note against Mr. Farley fell due. He had not the money to meet it. He went up street and down street to borrow--he tried friend after friend, but money was very tight. The hour for closing the bank was drawing near; the merchant was in deep perplexity--how many times he thought of old sayings about "fair weather friends"; but bitter thoughts would not pay his note.

He sat down and wrote in his memorandum book the names of such friends as he had not called upon, who, he was certain, might help him if they would. He went to one and another with a heavy heart. He was not cordially received--One had been disappointed, money promised him had not come; another was very "short"; that day--a third had just paid his last five dollars on a little account, several heavy bills had been met that day. At length the harassed merchant became discouraged, and to a usurer he went, determined, at some rate, to have the money he needed. The usurer knew he had a desperate man to deal with, and drove a hard bargain. He took a judgment note at twenty days, and Mr. Farley had money enough to meet his obligations and buy his wife a new bonnet.

He went to bed that night with a heavy heart, but when in the morning his wife came to do as their neighbors simply because said neighbors have numerous servants, own a front pew in a fashionable church and ride in a handsome carriage. It is very well that we should imitate our neighbors when they do right; but, unfortunately, we are often inclined to pattern after their coats, or the taking style of their bonnets, than to imitate their social excellence or private virtues.

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waters were embittered with discontent and peevish bickerings.
The wife neglected domestic duty, and the merchant neglected business till he was sorely pressed to pay the usurer the weekly sum which kept a sheriff from his store.

One day he was in a very unhappy mood. He had been home for his dinner, and everything about the house seemed to reproach him. He was tempted to open his heart to his fading wife, but his courage failed him--he returned to his store, thinking of what his fashionable acquaintances might be saying about the marked change which had come over him and his wife.

He had not yet been able to cast out such perplexing reflections when the usurer's collector, with a bow and a patronizing smile, entered the store and presented the uneasy merchant with a receipt for another installment of interest.

The merchant snatched the piece of paper and tore it into small fragments very deliberately, while the astonished collector thrust his hands very deep into his breeches pockets.

"Get out of my store," cried the merchant; "go and tell your master I'll never pay him another cent. He can sell me out as soon as he pleases. I have paid him now interest more than half the original sum. I'll pay him no more, I tell you; let him get it all. Leave my store, sir."

Out went the collector in nervous trepidation, and with him went the burden the merchant had borne far too long.

He was entirely prepared to meet the usurer when an hour afterward he called to propose a compromise--he would be very sorry to levy on any goods, he thought some arrangements might be made.

"No, sir," answered the merchant. "Get your money as best you can. I made an assignment an hour ago--make your levy when you please, and sell what is necessary to pay you, and other creditors will take the remainder. I've turned over a new leaf. I'm a happy man now, compared to what I was yesterday."

The usurer went away thinking the merchant demented, entirely out of his wits, but the merchant hastened home with the light of joy in his eye, a light which flowed out of a heart over which indecision had for a long time exercised a sorrowful influence.

There he met his wife, she looked sadder to him than she had ever before. He had designed to meet her with a cheerful face and an affectionate manner, but his loving design was frustrated by her appearance.

In a very sad tone she invited him into the parlor--there she threw herself upon her knees and sobbed. "Oh! it's frightful," she began, "look at me, but she begged him to hear her, and she sobbed again.

"I was on the street this morning, and I accidentally heard two men talk about you. They said you were a bankrupt, and it was because of your wife's extravagance. Tell me, is it true?"

"I am a broken merchant, and that's what makes me happier to-day than I was yesterday; but be assured, my dear, it was not because of your extravagance. It is because I was a weak, silly man, now dry up your tears--look at me. I have a more cheerful face than you have seen me wear for many a day."

"O, yes!" answered the wife, "you have been a changed man ever since last New Year's; something happened then. You didn't fail because I had a new bonnet and dress then--that can't be. You don't know how I have grieved to see you so changed. I feared something might have done made you so, and I have prayed to know what it was, but I have not been informed--I dared not ask you, you looked so forbidding."

"Would that you could have said this three months ago, it would have saved me much trouble--we've both been very foolish. No, my dear, I have not failed because you had New Year presents; but before that time we had been trying to live in as good style as richer and older people; we had too much fine company; too many carriages came to our house; they cost us a great deal of money, and they didn't stop at my store often enough, or if they did, the fine ladies didn't buy enough to make up what it cost me to live in a style corresponding to their ideas; so my business affairs became embarrassed. I was afraid to tell you--I could not change my style of living without doing so, and I kept on becoming more and more embarrassed, and more and more miserable, till, finally, I was driven to desperation, and now I'm a broken merchant. I've given up everything, and we must take a cheaper house, and let our rich friends cut our acquaintance."

With a burning kiss the wife assured the husband that his plan met her entire approbation, and he acknowledged how foolish he had been in not giving her his confidence when his troubles began.

"We'll turn over a new leaf," said he. "You'll never again think I'm richer than I am. Hereafter I'll know what my income is, and we'll live within it. Rich acquaintances, balls and concerts, costly suppers, or none of them--just as we can afford. I'm not the first man who has failed from the same causes. I have some friends yet, and I think I can rise again. Any how, I'd rather be a clerk than such a merchant as I have been."

"When must we move?" inquired the wife calmly.

"Next week," Mr. Farley answered, "if we can find such a house as we can afford."

The broken merchant had been settled in an humble home but a few months when New Year came again. He was

well satisfied with his experiment of living according to his means, to suit himself, not other people--to gratify his own tastes consistently with his circumstances, not to please other people consistently with their extravagant notions.

On New Year's day Mrs. Farley received a plain gold ring, inside of which were engraved these words: "Our new leaf--pay as you go."

The once broken merchant has found this a profitable motto. He is now able to pay as he goes, and, at the same time, make his wife a more costly New Year's gift than the dress and the bonnet which the money of the usurer bought.

To those who would turn over a new leaf on next New Year's day, I recommend the merchant's motto, pay as you go; it will never allow duty to perplex nor bailiffs to harass you compared with the man or woman who runs up bills at the grocery, the store or the bakeshop, or who indulges fancy in any particular, on credit--you will be most happily independent.

Thoughts of Thee.

BY A. X. HARPER.

It may be so, my dearest one,
That we shall never meet again,
Still in my heart I hold thee dear,
And there thine image shall remain,
When I am far away from thee,
And other friends around thee glide;
Say, wilt thou ever think of me,
And wish me once more by thy side?

The sweetest hours I ever knew
Were those, dear one, I spent with thee,
Fond memory, to her promise true,
Will often bring them back to me;
Then how can I regret the day,
Sweet one, when first we fondly met!
Each flower that blooms along my way
Forbids that I should e'er forget.

Cory O'Leary on Family Affairs.

It is a good thing for a man to pay attention to his family.
Provided he has one.
Married men generally have. So have I.

It is the natural consequence of getting married.
Families like everything else, are more expensive than the used to be. Shoes and clothes cost a sight, now-a-days, and children have mostly good appetites.

Mine have.
Boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear their trousers, and wear out two pairs of boots per month; keeping their blessed ma constantly employed like a besieged garrison repairing breeches, and their unfortunate pa paying out currency, under strong conviction that there is nothing like "leather"--to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heir--The copper wore well, and I have an idea that copper boots would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metallic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O'L. also became attached to copper, and thought it would be an improvement and save sewing if boys' pantaloons were like ships and tea-kettles, copper-bottomed. The suggestion was a No. 1, but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so ran in my head at the time that O'Pake called me a copperhead.
That was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O'L. is a managing woman. She makes trousers for our son, Alexander. Themistocles, out of mine, when I've done them. He can get through three pairs to my one, ordinarily, and I am obliged to wear out my clothes faster than I used to, to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be within the resources of art and industry to make him a pair out of the new material.
Mrs. O'L. said positively that it could not be done. It would ruin us. She concluded it was cheaper to cut up a pair I had paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found upon inquiry that new cloth for the purpose could have been bought for about two dollars.
I ventured to tell Mrs. O'L. expecting a triumph of male foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn, as she wanted to know if I had asked the price of "trimmings."
"Trimming" were too much for me. I have been afraid of trimming ever since.

Trimming I suppose means buttons and things.
In addition to clothes, the season of our house runs up other expenses.
But what is the expense compared with the joy a father feels, when after a day's laborious exercise at the office, wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the gate by a smiling cherubim, who in tones that go to his food parent's heart, and make him forget his troubles, meets him with--
"Hello, pa, give me a penny."

Your hand instinctively goes to the seat of your affections, your pocket, and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in molasses-candy.

The boy that undertook to ride a horse-radiash, is now practising on a saddle of mutton, without stirrups.
The latest case of absence of mind is that of a ship carpenter, who bit off the end of a spike and drove a plug of tobacco into the vessel below.

CLIPPINGS.

WHY is a man in prison like a leaky boat? Because he wants bailing out.
WHY is a dead duck like a dead doctor? Because they have both stopped quacking.

A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor is not apt to think that two heads are better than one.

A CHINESE thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him the next day, to learn how to wind it up!

The Rhode Island Senate have defeated the bill to abolish schools for colored children by a vote of 19 to 15.

The soldiers' cemetery at Nashville contains 11,500 bodies, 1,300 of whom have died since December.

DESPITE the favorable complexion of military affairs, the telegraph announces that more men are needed.

WILLIAM S. KEY, a grandson of Francis S. Key, of Star Spangled Banner fame died lately in the Old Capitol Prison. He was a rebel soldier.

A LETTER from Savannah says the market is already glutted. There are larger quantities of goods there now than the people care or want to buy.

TOWN SNUBBER.--A countryman seen staring at the signs in Albany, was asked if he wished to buy some gap seed. "No, I don't want any," was the reply. "I am looking at this little town; I talk of buying it."

A LADY leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mama, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a religious one that I can use it on Sunday."

PARISIAN society has been saddened by the death of a young lady of rank and fashion. On a post-mortem examination it was found that her decease was owing to tight lacing. Her stays had forced three of her ribs into her liver.

"Molly," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Faix," says he, "it's a sort of half-way house between you and heaven, and I stand it mighty aisy after lavin' you."

A LADY who was in the habit of spending a very large portion of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods but soon returned, exclaiming:
"My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

THE COST OF THE WAR.--Hon. SAMUEL S. COX, in a late speech in Congress stated that the appropriation bills for the year 1865 amounted to at least \$300,000,000. In the last five sessions of Congress the appropriations have amounted to nearly \$4,000,000,000. The army alone has cost over \$300,000,000.

GOV. BROUGH of Ohio, says in his late message: "It is estimated that the number of men who fled from this State, at the recent draft apprehended, and during its execution, exceeded twenty thousand."

To such an extent has this emigration gone that in some cases there were not men enough left in the townships to fill the quotas.

A DOMESTIC PLATFORM.--One who has had considerable experience in the house-keeping line says that a home should be supplied with such necessities as pickles, pots and kettles, bread, brushes, brooms, benevolence, charity, cheerfulness, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, wine and wisdom. Have all these and happiness will be with you.

A GENTLEMAN in Brooklyn, N. Y., has recovered in a suit \$20,000 damages, of a man who called him a Copperhead and a traitor. The New York World, in noticing the case, says:
"This made the poor photographer pay pretty dearly for his impertinent loyalty. Other members of the party founded on 'great moral ideas' will please take note of this just verdict."

JOHN SIMMONS, a negro soldier from Monongahela City, Penn., who was in the late skirmish, near Gallatin, Tenn., came home last week on a furlough, which he obtained after this fashion: "Yer see our Colonel says, 'Boys, strike for your country and your homes.' Well, some struck for der country, but dis chile struck for home. Dat explains de matter, you see!"

AN "idea-modeller" writes:--I was teaching in a quiet country village. The morning of my session I found leisure to note my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool.
"He that the dunce block?" I asked of a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out:--"I guess so, the teacher always sits on that."

STRAIGHTOUT DOCTRINE.--Miss Dickinson, in a late lecture in New York uses the following language. It no doubt expresses the sentiment of the entire leadership of the Republican party, though all are not so honest and bold in its expression:
She considered that the blackness of the negro was in fact the only reason for denying him the right of suffrage. The ignorant and degraded Irish, who compose the rank and file of the disloyal party, were no more capable of exercising the right than the negroes, who must be permitted to vote to counteract the pernicious influence of the former class. Patriotism and loyalty lift all men, whatever may be their color, to the same height, side by side. The white and the black have matched into the Southern land, keeping step to the music of the Union, and side by side they shall vote as they have fought.

BIG NOSE FOR A LADY.--Two young ladies, genteelly dressed were riding in a street car. One of them, remarkable for an excessive prominence of nose, exhibited to the other a photograph of herself, and they were engaged in discussing its merits, when an elderly lady reached on her hand and said to the lady who had the picture:
"Please let me look at it."

Her modest request was met with an indignant frown, and the reply, as the card was returned to the pocket of the lady:
"It's none of your business."

The old lady settled back in her seat very complacently, when the companion of the one with the picture asked:
"What do you wish to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the old lady, "I only wanted to see how successfully the artist put such a nose on so small a card!"

The car was full, and the shouts of laughter could have been heard a square.

THE NATURE OF AN OATH.--"Where do you live?" says the Judge.
'Live with mother.'
'Where does your mother live?'
'She lives with father.'
'Where does he live?'
'He lives with the old folks.'
'Where do they live?' says the Judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.
'They live's home.'
'Where in the thunder's their home?' roars the Judge.
'That's where I'm from' says the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek and slowly raising one eye to the Judge.

'Here, Mr. Constable, says the Court, 'take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the true nature of an oath.'
'You'd think different,' says the boy, going to the door, 'if I was once to give you a cousin.'

THE HORRORS OF WAR.--The Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald writes:
"Executions are plenty. John Nicholas, a private of the 69th New York, was hung a day or two ago. He was a simple-looking chap, and being lightly built, died pretty hard. Next day I was called to witness another execution, that of James Kelly, of the 67th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was shot. The rule is to shoot those who desert to the rear, and hang those who desert to the rebels. Executions are only too plenty. There is on hand a large number of deserters who have not been tried, the majority of them are foreigners, mostly Canadians, who are induced to desert by the 'general order' of Gen. Lee, who promises to send them home under escort. General Grant has issued a similar order, which has already influenced desertions."

An order of the Secretary of War, no person will be permitted to embalm or remove bodies of deceased soldiers, unless acting under the special license of the Provost Marshal of the Army Department, or district in which the bodies may be. Provost Marshals are ordered to restrict disinterments to seasons when they can be made without endangering the health of the troops, and will grant licenses only to such persons as furnish proof of skill and ability as embalmers. Bodies are to be furnished for the faithful performance of the orders given them. A scale of prices will also be established, by which embalmers are to be governed, with such other regulations as will protect the interests of the friends and relatives of deceased soldiers.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.--The body is to die. No one who passed the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows--sent out from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but brings it away wearily back, with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life, beyond the closely bending horizon. The great run comes and goes in the heaven yet breathes no secret of the eternal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countenance which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither foot nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, and smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.

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